

THE
PRESS
RESTRAIN'D:
A
POEM.

(Price Two Pence.)

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

THE
PREFACE

REPRINTED:

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M.

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THE
P R E S S

RESTRAIN'D:

*St. Paul's Church
Commons, A House*
1078. m 6
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P O E M,

*Occasion'd by a Resolution of the House of
Commons, to consider that Part of Her
MAJESTY'S Message to the House,
which relates to the great Licence taken
in Publishing false and scandalous Libels.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for John Morphew near Stationers-
Hall, 1712.

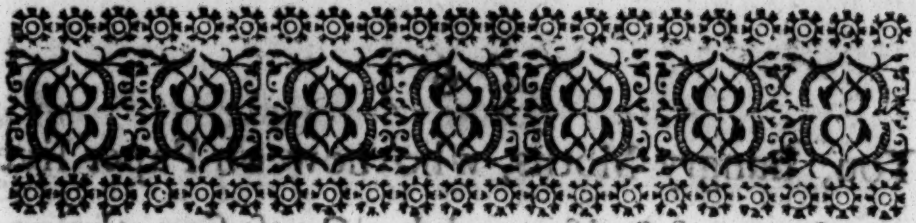
THE
P R E S
R E S T R A I N D

A
P O E M

Occasion'd by a Resolution of the House of
Commons, is contained Part of Mr
Masterson's Message to the House
which relates to the great Licence taken
in Publishing false and scandalous Libels.



L O N D O N :
Printed for John Wapsham near Stationers-
Hall, 1712.



Are born of strife, and by Corruption thrive,
 For, as when Wine, unmix'd, is clear and bright,
 No rising spots offend the curious sight,

No Scum, or noisome Worms are floating seen,
Poets Restrain'd

When all its Tastes, and pleasing Odours cease,
 Ten thousand Insects, by some curious Glass,

P O E M.



TURN all ye Wits, who suck
 the purer Air,

In Garrets cramm'd, and who
 with cautious Care,

Climb the Ascent of many a winding Stair;

Whose busy Thoughts appear in meager Looks,

With Stomachs oft as empty as your Books.

To have curtail'd, and strip the Soldier's Side,
 By whole sole Victory, he himself was led:

You, hungry Moths, who now on Paper live,
 Are born of Strife, and by Confusion thrive.
 For, as when Wine, unmixt, is clear and bright,
 No rising Spots offend the curious Sight,
 No Scum, or noisome Worms are floating seen,
 But the bright Juice is free from all unclean;
 But when 'tis sour'd on the decaying Lees,
 When all its Tastes, and pleasing Odours cease,
 Ten thousand Insects, by some curious Glass,
 Are plainly seen to skim the liquid Mass.
 So, when a Nation's sour'd by Party-hate,
 And Civil Broils speak a declining State;
 Mean Insect-Authors, by Corruption fed,
 Spawn from the publick Sores, and vile Con-
 tagion spread.

Unhappy Souls! the Scandal of the Age,
 Who in a Paper-War, for Bread engage,
 And fix your Meals, by Number of the Page.
 But as a well-known Chief was lately said
 To have curtail'd, and chipt the Soldiers Bread,
 By whose sole Valour, he himself was fed:

So haughty *Booksellers*, unjust to you,
 Lessen your Diet, and with-hold your Due ;
 Basely refuse just Aliment to give,
 Even to those, by whom themselves do live.
 These are the Critics, whom you justly fear,
 In Censure rash, in Punishment severe.
 So Masters oft hir'd Labour'rs turn away,
 First blame the Work, and then deny the Pay.
 These Hardships were ---- But greater Ills remain,
 Half-pay, at least, would now be counted Gain.
 A Bill 'tis said (but may it ne'er succeed)
 Will pass, that those who write have leave to
 read.

Ah ! this the Staff of Life entirely breaks ;
 I see pale Hunger with her meager Cheeks,
 And sunk-in Eyes with stately Horror walk,
 And in back Courts, and winding Alleys stalk.
 But when the Act (once pass'd) shall end,
 your Fears,
 And cruel Fate demand your common Tears ;
What horrid Silence will invade our Ears ?

Shrill-sounding *Hawkers*, ease your weary'd
Tongues,

What tho' you lose the Pence? you'll save your
Lungs;

The *Pharisee* already is condemn'd,

Nor may for Gain to hated Prayers attend;

What now remains but to reduce the *Scribe*,

And quell the Clamours of the noisy Tribe?

But, O bless'd Liberty, where art thou flown,
If you no more must please the Factioned Town?

O! 'tis a Breach of Nature's sacred Laws,

If Atheists may not vindicate their Cause;

If learned Blasphemy be heard no more,

Mankind will grow Religious, as before;

Dull Ignorance, and Slav'ry must ensue,

Priest-craft, and Bigotry the World undo,

If those who see, must be oblig'd to wink,

And not be free to write, as well as think.

Licence we love, and joy to hear the Sound,

But may the God's a licens'd Press confound.

Nay,

Nay, it may chance some Priest (but Heav'n
 forbid)
 May Sov'reign Master of the Press succeed,
 And teach us what to write, and what to read.
 And shall those dirty *Levites* first peruse,
 What T---nd's Spleen, and T---l's Wit produce!
 Be dark, O Sun, and Heav'n withdraw thy Light,
 For Mortals here are doom'd to endless Night.

A---l no more shall his Translation boast,
 And leap to Heav'n, to save the Burial-Cost ;
 Nor C---d dare assert with awkward Jest,
 That Man seems Man, but is indeed but Beast ;
 Nor shall the Sacred Word again be pist on,
 By doting Cl---n, or by crazy W----n.
 But ah ! where will the meaner Authors fly ?
 Whose weekly Works the labouring Press em-
 ploy ;
 Must B-----r fall ? Shall zealous R-----th die ?
 Shall pious H---ck be so soon forgot,
 Nor tell us Tales of *John*, and Mistress Scot.

Prophe-

Prophetick *Daniel* says, his Day is o'er;
 And, as a brazen Head did once before,
 He falling cries, that Time shall be no more;
 But still resolves to write with hourly Pain,
 And husband well the Moments that remain.
 He has all Sides with haughty Freedom us'd,
 He ev'ry State, and ev'ry Prince accus'd,
 And bravely left no Mortal un-abus'd.

But, oh! ye W——gs, for constant Mis-
 chief fam'd,
 Let the World know, you cannot be reclaim'd;
 That Beasts by Nature wild, are never truly
 tam'd:
 Should they restrain your Tongues, as well as
 Hands,
 No one your Gesture, or your Nod commands;
 Your Looks will speak the Envy of your Heart,
 And in dumb Show you may your Rage im-
 part.
 Tho', like the *Taylor's* Spouse, you drowning
 sink,
 By odious Signs, discover what you think.

But,

But, lo! An Angel comes divinely Bright,
 With awful Grace, and all enwrapt in Light;
 High, on his Head, he wears a mitred Crest,
 And *Imprimatur's* writ upon his Breast;
 Before him Faction flies, a monstrous Elf,
 A wretched Fiend, at Variance with Himself.
 A thousand Hands She has, that hourly write
 Repugnant Falshood, with contending Spite;
 Ten thousand Tongues, with causless Discon-
 tent,
 Each other curse, and odious Crimes invent;
 From guilty Pens, She sips the drooping Ink,
 And unlac'd Coffee is her Favourite Drink;
 Unwillingly She leaves the Vault below,
 Whence Errours spring, and endless Mischiefs
 flow:
Conducts, and *Caveats* in each Corner lie,
 And Sheets new-moist'ned are expos'd to dry.
 Strange Charms around are seen, and figur'd
 Spells,
 In Order plac'd, and rang'd in different Cells,

Harmless, as yet, they form no ill Design,
 Still Innocent and Mute, but when they join:
 For when by *Faction* mov'd, the Letters meet,
 With black Untruths, they stain the guilty
 Sheet;

For there, behold the wond'rous Machine stands,
 Which, tho' not Great, if mov'd by skilful
 Hands,

Shall Tumults raise, and sudden Wars create,
 And with eternal Broils, disturb a State:
 But see, Rebellion slowly moves behind,
 The First of Hell, and an ungrateful Fiend,
 Who praying stabs, and murders with her
 Tears,

But as a Friend to Peace, a Gown She wears,
 And talks of Liberty and Common-Weal,
 Tho' underneath She's arm'd with shining Steel;
 Axes, and pointed Knives are hung around,
 Still wet with Royal-Blood, and reeking from
 the Wound;

Still she recants, and still Allegiance swears;

Her guilty Hand a wond'rous Mirror bears,

That

That falsely represents the Face of Things,
 And makes a Devil of the best of Kings;
 Her pious Looks th' unthinking People charm,
 And *Hoadly's* Works she hugs in either Arm.

While Treason cry'd aloud, and Faction
 reign'd,
 And when the lawless Press was unrestrain'd,
 Love was forgot, and all delightful Themes,
 No Talk of shady Grots, or gliding Streams,
 No flow'ry Meads describ'd, nor verdant Plains,
 The tender Moans of disregarded Swains:
 The weeping *Naiads*, and the whisp'ring Trees
 Were thrown aside, and would no longer please,
 The Age despis'd such harmless Tales as these :
 Nothing would charm the Ear, or please the
 Town,
 But uncouth Sounds, and Words to Verse un-
 known;
 The Ladies too, forgot to sing, and love,
 And Party-Wars did Female Rage improve;

The

The lovely Dames for different Sides declare,
 And Tory Nymphs abus'd the Whiggish Fair;
 They talk of Barriers, and pretended Claims,
 Harsh Sounds for those soft Lips, and barb'rous
 Names.

But now — The banisht *Muse* again returns,
 Again the Nymph is coy ---- again the Shepherd
 mourns ;

The chaster Press no more with Faction
 teems,

But Love and Beauty are the only Themes ;

Soft Elegy may now be heard again,

To tell the Lover's Joy, or Lover's Pain ;

Again, on tuneful Pipe the Shepherd plays,

And Pastoral cheers the Lawns with Rural
 lays ;

Majestick Tragedy with Princely State,

Will show unhappy Loves, and Royal Fate ;

Ev'n Comedy, when purg'd from Wit profane,

May humour, and just Character retain,

She may again make the pleas'd Audience smile,

And with kind Mirth the Ev'ning Hours be-
 guile.

True

True Wit is justify'd by Sense, and bears
 Ev'n *Collier's* Test, nor any Censure fears;
 Wit never was forbid, and none accuse
 Poets when chaste, or blame the harmless *Muse*.

Of late all Things in Little pleas'd the Age,
 And Puppet-Shows vy'd with the Royal Stage.
 No Book was look'd into, whose scanty Price
 Exceeded Three Pence, or at most a Sice;
 But now the puny Forms all disappear,
 So flitting *Fairies*, when the Day is near,
 Forego the airy Dance, and quit the Green,
 And fly below to darksome Cells unseen:
 Now bulky *Tomes* in every Shop are spread,
 And Folio's of Sense with Patience read;
 And Books of Worth will meet a kinder Fate,
 (Such as thou, *Basil Kennet*, dost translate.)
 Books, that well penn'd of mighty Subjects treat,
 Volumes of Size, and Works divinely Great,
 No more shall idly press the groaning Stalls,
 But *Temple bar* at length must yield to *Paul's*.

M. . . w

M---w and B---w shall no longer get
 By Pen-Engagements, and the Party Heat;
 No poisonous Pamphlets now in haste are stitch'd,
 That some great Man may be the first bewitch'd,
 The Vict'ry's won, while Tories mount on
 high,
 And the gagg'd Whigs below in Silence lie.
 Losers may speak, 'tis said; and yet we know,
 The vanquish'd Cock is never heard to crow.

But now the puny Force all disappear,
 So firing fainter, what the Day is near,
 Forgo the airy Dances and the Green,
 And fly below the Thunder's unseen;
 Now but the Thunder's voice is heard,
 And follow'd by the Thunder's word;
 And Books of Fate, and Books of Fate,
 (Such as thou, Book of Fate, dost translate)
 Books, that well penn'd of mighty Subjects treat,
 Volumes of Six, and Works divinely Great,
 No more shall in the growing Stalls,
 But Temple bar at length must yield to Paul's.

RIVINGTON

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THE THEATRE

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A LONDON



LONDON

Printed by J. W. Atterbury, Printer to the
Theatre, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.
LONDON